nished with small plaster-of-Paris busts of the Bard for publicity purposes.

VII

While such matters were preoccupying few or many minds for some minutes or hours or days, but mostly minutes, the inexorable process of change continued. Outside the doors of imposing mansions, now become shabby, bells multiplied, and in Piccadilly Circus, electric signs—fiery words written on darkness, some moving, spelling out a meaning which all who strained their eyes upwards, might read. London kept growing, ever larger, houses springing up on its outskirts, frail and wonderful, with shops to meet all needs, vehicles to fetch and carry, banks to disburse money, cinemas to give delight, but little or no provision made for any who felt constrained from time to time to confess themselves miserable offenders and lift up their hearts. Into London, derelict industrial areas and a derelict countryside emptied their surplus or restless population, who found accommodation where they might, some reduced to taking shelter in the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, made available for the purpose by an enterprising Vicar, there at least a congregation never lacking. Large blocks of flats came into existence, housing many couples and solitary residents, each provided with partitioned-off living-space, where they might eat and sleep and struggle with the tedium of time according to their varying capacities; newspapers delivered at each door to tell of the world's doings, who's in, who's out, who loses and who wins; radio sets to give

instruction and music, sometimes pkyed the live-long day, a rhythmic murmur, underlying all other sounds, and constant as the sea's wash; cosmetics to keep lips red and cheeks smooth, to kindle desire, and contraceptives to sterilise its anguish.

Dog-racing tracks, skating-rinks, amusement arcades, increased; on bright Sunday mornings the throng of vehicles on. roads leading away from London, grew denser, an unending procession, slowing down when it passed through towns and